

and was permitted to seek some refreshment at the board the Kent. At half past six in the morning the steam-boat reached the keepsie. Here the General was received by several uniform companies and hundreds of citizens, who escorted him to the keepsie Hotel, where, at 8 o'clock, he came down to a sumptuous breakfast. Immediately after breakfast

It is not "singular," we believe, for ecclesiastical bodies to publish explanations and defenses of doctrines, for the benefit of their constituents, as was the case in this instance.

Balance in the Treasury	881 38
Receipts in goods, wares, &c.	\$1609 91
The Report of the General Agent, Rev. Joel W. Clark, contains a detailed account	

The talents, the industry, and the experience of these gentlemen; the opportunities for improvement which they enjoyed in early life, and the celebrity which they

Oi, summer	"	42	
Salt	sack	3 00	
Sugar, best	cwt.	11 50	- 12
— common	"	9 00	
Whiskey, common	gall.	26	- 27
— old	"	45	

Why, and by what authority, are Baptists "required to exercise forbearance," in dealing with dissidents? We are aware of no

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clarifying their opinions. We are aware of this, and

Poetry.

From "Poetic Vigils, By Bernard Barton."
MORNING AND EVENING.

How beautiful is Morn,—
When daylight, newly born,
From the bright portals of the east is breaking;
White songs of joy resound
From countless warblers round,
To light and life from silent slumber waking!

The parting clouds unfold
Their edges ting'd with gold;
Bright is the summit of the lofty mountain;
The glist'ning tops of trees,
Tough'd by the rustling breeze,
Are bright and tuneful as the Muses' fountain.

As upward mounts the sun,
The valleys, one by one,
Ope their recesses to the living splendor:
The mighty ocean's breast
Heaves upward to be blest,
And bids its waves reflected light surrender.

Each humble flower lifts up
Its dewy bell or cup,
Smiling through tears that know no tinge of
sadness:
The insect tribes come out,
And, fluttering all about,
Fill the fresh air with gentle sounds of gladness.

O! who can witness this,
Nor feel the throbs of bliss
With which creation's every pulse seems beating?

Or who, 'mid such a store
Of rapture flowing o'er,
The tribute of the heart forbear repeating?

Yet have I known an hour
Of more subduing power
Than this of beauty glowing,—music gushing,—
An hour whose quiet calm
Diffus'd a holier balm,
Whose watch-word "Peace, be still!" the in-
most heart was hushing.

It is the close of day,
When Evening's hues array
The western sky in all their radiant lustre;
When round the setting sun,
His goal of glory won,
Resplendent clouds in silent beauty muster.

'Tis when day's parting light,
Dazzling no more the sight,
Its chastened glory to the eye is granting,
That "thoughts too deep for tears,"
Uncertain hopes and fears,
And voiceless feelings, in the heart are panting.

While thus the western sky
Delights the gazing eye
With thrilling beauty, touching and endearing:
What still of earth is fair
Borrows its beauty there,
Tho' every borrow'd charm is disappearing.

Ere yet those charms grow dim,
Creation's vesper-hymn,
Grateful and lovely, is from earth ascending;
Till, with that song of praise,
The hearts of those who gaze
With solemn feelings of delight are blending.

Then from those portals bright
A farewell gleam of light
Breaks with unearthly glory on the vision;
And through the folding doors,
The eye of thought explores
Seraphic forms, and phantasies elysian.

These pass like thoughts away!
Yet may their hallow'd sway
Rest on the heart,—as dew-drops round, adorn-
ing
The drooping, silent flowers,
Feed them through night's dark hours,
And keep them fresh and living till the morn-
ing!

Thus should the sunset hour,
With soul-absorbing power,
Nurse by its glories the immortal spirit;
And plume its wings for flight
To realms of cloudless light,
Regions its God hath form'd it to inherit.

Fair, bright, and sweet is Morn,
When daylight, newly born,
In all its beauty is to sense appealing!
Yet Eves to me is fraught
With more unearthly thought,
And purer touches of immortal feeling!

Miscellany.

From the London Baptist Magazine.
Extracts of letters from a Gentleman at
Smyrna, August 6, 1823.

A few weeks back, I joined three English travellers in a tour to Ephesus: this place is about fifty miles from Smyrna. This distance is nothing with you, but we found it no trifle when travelling on horse-back over mountains and through marshes, and armed as we each were with pistols and guns; we took with us a Janissary as a guide, with other attendants. Our cavalcade consisted of eight horses, and the journey occupied three days and nights. We had no inns or places of shelter beyond mere cattle-sheds, or occasionally a spreading tree, to screen us from the burning heat of the midday sun. We were compelled to undergo great fatigue, but I will not trouble you with a detail of our progress there; and, indeed, it would be a shame to talk of difficulties in a journey which led me to a view of the remains of that once celebrated city which cannot be seen with other than deep interest; for although Diana's temple, and all the other works of antiquity, yet Ephesus is too intimately connected with the earliest ages of Christianity to be forgotten, or to be held with indifference. It must have been an immense place, for the extent of the ruins is astonishingly great: there are re-

mains of fallen temples, theatres, archways, and aqueducts; and immense blocks of granite and marble lie strewn about in all directions. Pillars, some standing upright, though half buried in rubbish, others lying down, are seen in numbers; here and there stands a solitary but noble archway. The remains of Diana's temple are pointed out; within its shattered walls are some beautiful and majestic columns, nearly twenty feet in circumference and forty feet in length, in one solid block. I have sent a fragment of a capital to London: you may call it a fragment of one of the seven wonders of the world among the ancients. In another place are the walls of an immense building, all of white marble; within are four fine red granite pillars of immense weight, formed of one solid piece. The scanty limits of a sheet of paper will not afford room to say half I would upon this interesting place. In general terms it would be described as a mass of ruins overgrown with thistles and tall weeds. It must have been an earthquake, or a series of earthquakes, that could overset such a mighty place: it is now entirely deserted by human kind, excepting a few Turkish goat-herds, who have raised mud huts to shelter them from the winter rains; and of these there are not perhaps more than twenty or thirty, who, with the few travellers whom curiosity may conduct thither, are the only individuals that disturb the numerous bands of storks and jackdaws, whose ancestry, perhaps for some hundreds of years, have held quiet possession of the roofless walls of the far-famed city of Ephesus.

August 29, 1823.

You have already heard, I dare say, that I have lately been to Ephesus. I need hardly say that I visited that place with intense interest, although it now only presents a scene of desolation. I am sorry I cannot, in so short a limit, give you some description of what we saw. I may, perhaps, at my leisure, write a detailed account of our trip, when I shall take care you shall see it. I must just tell you that on our journey to Ephesus, (for there were three gentlemen with me,) we witnessed what might give you a very imperfect idea of the plague of locusts, such as the Egyptians once experienced—the atmosphere was not darkened with them, but about twelve miles before we reached the plain on which Ephesus is situated, we encountered an army, or flight of locusts, extending itself over many miles of country; the earth was literally covered with them; it would have been almost impossible to drop a shilling on the ground, without its falling upon one of those insects; and so numerous were they in the air, that by partially shutting the eyes, they had just the appearance of a fall of large flakes of snow; but as we passed along, they were good enough to get out of the way, and would not wait to be trod upon. We had occasion, having met with a well of tolerable water, to stop and refresh our horses when in the midst of this multitude of locusts, and we also sat down to take some refreshment too, when they assembled on our loaf of bread, just as hungry flies will upon a sugar-bason: we threw two or three lumps of bread at a little distance from us, which, in a few seconds, were completely devoured. These locusts are of a sort of brown or nankeen colour, and about the size of the two top joints of the little finger, and they are the same species as in some seasons overspread the country, and devour every particle of herbage.

From Dick's "Christian Philosopher."

GEOLOGICAL CONFIRMATIONS OF THE UNIVERSAL DELUGE.

It is admitted by every geologist, that our globe, as to its present form and arrangement, has been, comparatively, of short duration. Cuvier deduces, from certain progressive changes on the earth's surface, as well as from the concurrent traditions of many nations, that the first appearance of man upon the face of the globe, or at least, the renewal of the human race after some great catastrophe, cannot be referred to a period further back than about five or six thousand years from the present time. Geologists, too, of every description, however different the systems or theories they have adopted, have all been constrained, from the evidence of fact, to admit this conclusion, "that every part of the dry land was once covered by the ocean,"—thus confirming the scriptural account of that stupendous event, the universal deluge. This event, from its very nature, must have been accompanied with the most terrible convulsion, both on the exterior surface, and in the interior strata of the globe. Accordingly we find, that traces of this awful catastrophe exist in every region of the earth. Mr. Parkinson describes the whole islands of Great Britain, as having since its completion "suffered considerable disturbance from some prodigious and mysterious power. By this power all the known strata, to the greatest depths that have been explored, have been more or less broken and displaced, and, in some places, have been so lifted, that in some of the lowest of them have been raised to the surface; while portions of others, to a very considerable depth and extent, have been entirely carried away." The whole of the Alpine region in Switzerland, and the north of Italy, considered as one mass, shows the most evident marks of dislocation. At the height of three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, M. Saussure met with a chasm a hundred feet wide, and so deep that he saw no bottom. All travellers on the Alps have regarded them with horror. They mark the most evident convulsions, but show no signs of having been occasioned by attrition. Mr. Townsend, speaking of the Pyrenees, which he personally inspected, says, "What is most remarkable is, to see four enormous chasms almost perpendicular, which divided both mountains and their valleys, and which appeared as if they had just been rent asunder." Throughout the range of the Andes, and in every other mountainous region, similar chasms and dislocations, indicating the former operation of some tremendous power, are frequently observed by those who visit such scenes of grandeur.—In some of the coal mines in our own country, the coal is in some places lifted up, or thrown down, several hundreds of feet from the places it appears originally to have occupied. "Two miles north of Newcastle," says Mr. Townsend, "one great dyke or fault throws down the coal five hundred and forty feet;—at the distance of three miles, it is cut off and thrown

down again two hundred and forty feet."—An evidence of the effects which could only be produced by a general deluge, is also afforded by those organic remains to which I have already adverted, and particularly by those immense quantities of marine shells, which have been discovered in situations so elevated, and in places so far removed from the sea, as to prove that they were left there by a flood extending over the globe. In Touraine, in France, a hundred miles from the sea, is a bed of shells stretching nine leagues in extent, and twenty feet in depth, and including shells not known to belong to the neighbouring sea. Humboldt found sea-shells on the Andes at an elevation of four thousand one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea. The slaty mountain of La Bolcha, near Verona, is famous for petrifications, among which are enumerated more than one hundred species of fish, natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, here assembled in one place.

It appears, therefore, that the researches of Geology confirm the fact of a Universal Deluge, and thus afford a sensible proof of the credibility of the sacred historian, and, consequently, of the truth of the doctrines of divine Revelation.

Extract from an Oration pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, Aug. 27, 1824, by Professor Everett.

Yes, my friends, such is the exhortation which calls on us to exert our powers, to employ our time, and consecrate our labours in the cause of our native land. When we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race; when we survey the progress of man, from his cradle in the East to these last limits of his wandering; when we behold him for ever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, bearing his household gods over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise, to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes, we cannot but exclaim, with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate of England, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings on our country:

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

In that high romance, if romance it be, in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of equal laws and happy men.—The primitive poets beheld it in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards surveyed it in the Hyperborean regions; the sage of the Academy placed it in the lost Atlantis; and even the sterner spirit Seneca could discern a fairer abode of humanity, in distant regions then unknown. We look back upon these uninspired predictions, and almost recoil from the obligations they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized, by us must be fulfilled these high auspices, which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. There are no continents or worlds to be revealed; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean; the farthest Thule is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here then a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never, by the race of mortals. The man, who looks with tenderness on the sufferings of good men in other times; the descendant of the pilgrims, who cherishes the memory of his fathers; the patriot, who feels an honest glow at the majesty of the system of which he is a member; the scholar, who beholds with rapture the long sealed book of unprejudiced truth explained to all to read; these are they, by whom these auspices are to be accomplished. Yes, brethren, it is by the intellect of this country, that the mighty mass is to be inspired; that its parts are to communicate and sympathize, its bright progress to be adorned with becoming refinements, its strong sense uttered, its character reflected, its feelings interpreted to its own children, to other regions, and to after ages.

Meantime the years are passing away and gathering importance in their course. With the present year will be completed the half century from the most important era in human history, the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand. The space of time, that has elapsed since that momentous date, has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom, under Providence, we owe our national existence and privileges. A few still survive among us, to reap the rich fruits of their labours and sufferings, and one has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age, to receive the gratitude of the nation, to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history, that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners in Paris, 1776, for a passage in the first ship they should despatch to America, they were obliged to answer him, (so low and abject was then our dear native land,) that they possessed not the means nor the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel in all the ports of France. Then exclaimed the youthful hero, "I will provide my own;" and it is a literal fact, that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed, the assurance that throughout America, there is not a bosom, which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Green, and Knox, and Hamilton are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen, before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac, he lies in glory and in peace. You will revisit the hospitable

shades of Mount Vernon, but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome, in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, welcome, welcome LA FAYETTE.

NATURAL HISTORY.

M. Cuvier lately presented a Report to the Academy of Science, on the state of Natural History, and the increase of our knowledge in that department since the return of maritime peace, the details of which are peculiarly interesting.—Linnaeus, in 1778, indicated about 8000 species of plants. M. Decandolle now describes 40,000, and within a few years they will doubtless exceed 50,000. Buffon estimated the number of quadrupeds at 300. M. Desmarests has just enumerated above 700, and he is far from considering this list complete. M. de Lacepede wrote twenty years ago the history of all the known species of fish; the whole did not amount to 1500. The cabinet of the king alone has now above 25,000, which, says M. Cuvier, are but a small proportion of those which the seas and rivers would furnish. We no longer venture to fix numbers for the birds and reptiles; the cabinets are crowded with new species, which require to be classified.—Above all, we are confounded at the continually increasing number of insects: it is by thousands that travellers bring them from the hot climates; the cabinet of the King contains about 25,000 species; and there are at least as many more in the various cabinets of Europe. The work of M. Strauss, on the Maybug, has just shown that this little body, of an inch in length, has 296 hard pieces, serving as envelopes, 494 muscles, 24 pair of nerves, 48 pair of tracheæ.

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SAMUEL SHUCKFORD,

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